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Act 3

KING JOHN

Scene 2



M Brown del. from a Portrait by M.^r Stewart.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M.^r HOLMAN in FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Austria's Head lie there"

London. Printed for J Bell. British Library Strand June 4. 1786.

J. Hall R.E.



KING JOHN.

Hubert *Read here young Arthur*

Act 4.

Scene 1.

Burney del.

Hall sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand June 9th 1786.

Bell's Edition.

KING JOHN,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

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Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M D C C L X X X V I.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

K I N G J O H N.

THE Troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capel is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*: and when

Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead-Abbey—As it was (sundry Times) publikely acted by the Queen's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.*—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publikely—in the honourable Citie of London*, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspeare's *King John*; the company to which he belonged, having no *publick* theatre in London: that in Black-Friars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed *to the Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

“ You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow

“ Have entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine*,

“ And given applause unto an infidel;

“ Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,

“ A warlike Christian and your countryman,

“ For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,

“ And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,

“ Until base treason by a damned wight

“ Did all his former triumphs put to flight.

“ Accept

“ Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,

“ And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport.”

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that “*Maister Rowley*,” whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as “once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke-Hall, in Cambridge.” W. Rowley was a player in the King’s Company, so late as the year 1625, and can hardly be supposed to have introduced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

“ A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*,” was entered at Stationers’ Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays, on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady’s grief is
very

very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, published in 1611. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clark, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

PEMBROKE,

ESSEX,

SALISBURY,

HUBERT,

BIGOT,

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half Brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

WOMEN.

ELINOR, Queen Mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

*BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece
to King John.*

*Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard and Ro-
bert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Algiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Sol-
diers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, sometimes in England ; and sometimes in France.



KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, and SALISBURY, with CHATILLON.

King John.

N o w, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories ;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :

B

Desiring

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewel, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt* CHAT. and PEM.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for
us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
right; 40

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and
Philip, his Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, 50
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:

B i j

But,

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, 61
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being
younger born, 71
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son

In

In the large composition of this man? 88

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor, 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay
(As I have heard my father speak himself),
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death, 110
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was her's ;
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes—
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his ? 131

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulcon-
 bridge,
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him ;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
 My arms such eel-skins stuff ; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
 goes !

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 150

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year :
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Phil. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st : 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
hand ;

My father gave me honour, your's gave land :—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth : What
though ?

Something about, a little from the right, 170
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :

Who

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
 And have is have, however men do catch:
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
 desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
 Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
 For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty! 181

[*Exeunt all but PHILIP.*

A foot of honour better than I was;
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
 For your conversing. Now your traveller—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess; 190
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My piked man of countries:—*My dear sir*
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question; I, sweet sir, at your's:

And

Lady. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?
He is Sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
while ? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. Philip ?—sparrow !—James,
There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* JAMES.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son ;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :
Sir Robert could do well ; Marry, to confess !
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;
We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mo-
ther,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ? 240
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-
nour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco like :
What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land ;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone : 249

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Phil.

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.— 51
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town, 60
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs, 70
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

The

The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR,
BLANCH, PEMBROKE, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England ; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace ! 90
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large, 101
Which dy'd in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commis-
sion, France, 110
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ? 120

Const. Let me make answer ;—Thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,

As

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

210

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king——
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates, 220
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phil. Amen, Amen !— Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

Faulc. Saint George—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.—

[To AUSTRIA.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

300

Faulc. O, tremble ! for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so ;—and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

After Excursions, enter the Herald of France, with Trumpets, to the Gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother, 310

Whose

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both. 340

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
Whose passage vex't with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear, 350
That sways the earth this climate overlooks—
Before we will lay down by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ; 360

D

And

And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his
right.

371

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
you, kings;

380

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. 420

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to
stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to
hear. 430

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 440
Is the young dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, oh say, he is not she;

And

In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself, 510
'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like, 520
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this—that nothing do I see in you

(Though

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:

560

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

570

[*Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, 140

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name, to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 150

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand: 160

So

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle——
 That faith will live again by death of need : 220
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
 lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
 more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst ?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
 your's, 230

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;

And even before this truce, but new before——

No longer than we well could wash our hands, 240

To clap this royal bargain up of peace——

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win; 340

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition, 350

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look

SCENE III.

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To ELINOR.*
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :

[*To ARTHUR.*
Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will 370
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England ; haste before :
[*To FAULCONBRIDGE.*

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry, now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me
back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on. 380
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit FAULC.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one Side of the Stage.*

F

K. John.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love : 390
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say——
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
 yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. 400
 I had a thing to say—But let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, 410
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French Court. Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of collected sail 450
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so
ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, 460
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head; 50
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill, 60
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench this fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence: 70
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hu-
 bert's. [*HUBERT stamps, and the Men enter.*

G

Hub.

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood, 250
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England.—Never such a
power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk? 260

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,

And

And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust: the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd 271
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER OF POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full. 280

Faul. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd; 290

Possess'd

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou
say so ? 299

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faulc. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave 310
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.——

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns 320
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead ! 330

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action 341
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 400
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
peers, 410
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street before a Prison. Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— 421

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin. 500

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as your's:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer. 510

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime; 520
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! 150
The next is this—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back; 160
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right, 170
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

I i j

And,

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination. 240

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace ;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :—

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out ; 250

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits 260

A bare-

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and
HUBERT.*

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field; 270
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John.

By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ; 300
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true 310
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of your's
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives, 320
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;
Where

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or
I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go? 370

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not de-
mand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
well:

Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. 380

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc.

Faulc. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 390

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 400
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not, the lords are all come
back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

K

Passing

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, 410
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*The Orchard in Swinstead-Abbey. Enter Prince HENRY,
SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

Hen. It is too late ; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds be-
lief, 420
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here.—

Doth he still rage ?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

Hen.

Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts 430
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born 440

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King JOHN brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty? 450

K. John. Poison'd—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off:

K i j

And

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold : — I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that. 459

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt of them is hot. —
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt ; 469
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where,

Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily, 480
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Faulc. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge ;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.— 490
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
 spheres,
 Where be your powers ? Shew now your mended
 faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
 The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we :
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest, 499
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, 510
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land! 520
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall), 530
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now

Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us
 rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



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